The King and Kingdoms joyful Day of Triumph.

OR,

The Kings moſt Excellent Majeſties Royal and Triumphant coming to *London*, accompanied by the ever Renowned, his Excellency the Lord General *Monck*, and an numerous company of his Royal Peers, Lords, Knights, Citizens, and Gentry, who conducted his Royal Majeſty in Honour and Triumph from *Dover* to *London*.

To the Tune of, *The Scottiſh Lady*, or, *Ill tide that cruel peace that gain'd a War oneme.*

KIng Charles he now is Landed,
to eaſe his Subjects moan;
Thoſe that are faithful handed
he takes them for his own:
Oh he is our Royal Sovereign King,
And is of the Royalleſt Off ſpring,
Peace and plenty with him he'l bring,
And will ſet us free
from all vexations,
and great taxations,
woe and miſery,
And govern all theſe Nations
with great tranquility.

Lord General of fair England
marcht forth to meet the King,
To entertain him when he did Land,
and to London him did bring;
He is the worthy Man of Wight
That doth both King and Countrey right,
In whom God and man taketh delight:
For ſurely he
well doth underſtand
what he doth take in hand;
and moſt diſcreetly
He doth his warlike Troops commmand,
renown'd to Poſterity.

The Trumpets bravely ſounded,
the Kings Return again,
With joy their hearts abounded
the King to entertain:
Aloud they ſounded forth his praiſe,
Englands Glory for to raiſe;
For God is juſt in his wayes
Aſſuredly:
moſt hearts then were glad,
no man ſeeming ſad,
the braveſt day that ever came,
We happy by our King are made,
to his eternal fame,

The Citizens of London
with a moſt pompous Train,
For evermore hath praiſe wone,
his favour for to gain,
Gallantly marched out of the Town
To King Charles's Royal Renown,
In peace to bring him to the Crown
Richly attired:
by the Lords perſwaſion
after the richeſt faſhion
greatly admired;
The chieſeſt in this Nation,
whoſe hearts with joy are fired.

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The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

THen many brave Noblemen
All moſt gallant and brave,
Marched out of the Town then;
both valiant, wiſe, and grave,
Counting it a moſt delightful thing
For to honour Charles our Royal King,
And to the Crown him in peace to bring:
deſiring he
now might be Crowned,
and ſtill Renowned
to poſterity,
On whom fortune had frowned
for his ſincerity.

Many thouſands of Horſemen,
then marched o're the Plain,
For to defend King Charles then,
and him to entertain:
Their Horſes went prancing along,
When they were the reſt among,
And ſeem'd to dance amidſt the Throng
So merrily;
ſeeming to be glad,
they that journey had:
they marcht on moſt,
They were neither heavy nor ſad,
but went delightfully.

Their Riders richly tired
in coſtly Cloth of Gold,
Their journey ſo required,
moſt rich for to behold:
Oh it was the moſt glorious ſight,
And did my heart ſo much delight,
That I could not forbear but write.

They were ſuch gallant Blades,
and ſo richly dreſt,
as cannot be expreſt,
they were moſt bonny Lads,
All malice they did deteſt,
they were ſuch brave Comrades.

Each Regiment from other
known by their ſev'ral notes,
As plainly it did appear,
and was all in Buff-Coats:
And in ſilken Scarfs all of green,
With Hats and Feathers to be ſeen,
Moſt rich as well I ween,
Were theſe brave men:
England did never
ſee the like ever
but may again
They marched moſt courageous,
the King to entertain

And this doth theſe Lands rejoyce,
and all that in them live,
Even both with hearts and voice,
and thanks to God do give,
Which reſtored unto us our King,
And Uſurpers down did fling:
Freedom unto us to bring;
We ſhall be free
from all Exilements
and ill Revilements,
we and our poſterity
Shall have our full enjoyments,
and happy dayes ſhall ſee.

FINIS. J. W.

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